

His Bitter Luna

Settling In

2163 Words

Samantha I have been home for a week now. I am slowly getting back to the person I was before I became Dmitry Volkov's mate. The wounds have healed, but the scars and not just the physical ones will always remain. Every night, I have nightmares about Dmitry coming to find me once he realizes I am carrying his son. It's early in the pregnancy, but Aria has confirmed I am having a boy. I wake up with a jolt from my latest nightmare because someone is knocking on my door. I slide out of bed and shuffle towards it. I opened it to Charlene. She makes a face as she looks me up and down. "Still in bed?" She laughs. "Yeah," I say and glance at my clock. "s**t, it's almost noon." I laugh. "I guess I haven't slept well in years." Charlene gives me a small smile, "I shouldn't have woken you, but Marcus needs to talk to you. He tried mind linking, but you weren't responding." I had been reaccepted into the pack so I could mind link, but I developed a habit of keeping my inner wall up. I liked having my thoughts to myself again. "Sorry, I forgot to lower my walls." "It's alright," My sister-in-law nods. "Just don't take too long. You know how your brother gets." I laugh, "Yeah. Tell him I'll be down in five." Charlene nodded, and I closed the door. I walk over to my bed and flop down. I want to keep sleeping. Between pregnancy and getting over trauma, I am exhausted. Everyone has been walking on eggshells when they ask about my time at Shadow Woods. I finally get up and wander into my closet to throw on a pair of my old jeans and a T-shirt. I comb my unruly hair and head out. 'You look

good,' Aria says. She has become more vocal in the last week. She told me that Dmitry's wolf, Fedor, had ordered her to be silent and obedient, so that's what she did. 'He's gone from our lives,' I remind her. 'Maybe not permanently,' Aria sighs. 'We may be far away, but eventually Fedor will sense he has a son.' I try not to let that damper my mood. I get downstairs and see a familiar sight walking into the packhouse. "Lydia?" I shout as I see my best friend for the first time in three years. We have spoken on the phone almost every day since I got home. "Samantha," She screams. Lydia is standing beside her mate, holding a pup on her hip. She passes the pup to her mate before running towards me with tears running down her cheeks. "Samantha," she cries as she crashes into me. We nearly fall to the floor as we embrace. My own tears fall as I hug her. "Mommy?" I hear a little boy's voice. I look past Lydia to see her mate, Jerome, holding a baby girl while a little boy clings to him. "Hi, Jerome," I greet him while still holding Lydia. "Hello, Samantha," Jerome flashes a brilliant smile at me. "Daddy, who is that?" the little boy asks him. "That is Mommy's best friend, Dean," Jerome answers. I let out a laugh. "Of course, you named your son Dean." Lydia pulls back and narrows her eyes at me as she reaches for the boy, "Are you making fun of his name?" "No, of course not," I laugh. "It's just," I look at Jerome, "The whole Supernatural thing." Jerome laughs loudly, scaring the little girl in his arms, "Oh, I am well aware of the Supernatural thing, Samantha." "Does she still have his posters on the wall?" I ask. "Samantha," Lydia whines and takes her crying daughter into her arms. "I was just giving you a hard time," I say, looking at her daughter. "She has your eyes, Lydia." Lydia manages to smile, "This is Quinn." I smile at the baby. "She's gorgeous," I say and touch my belly. "I can't wait for your son to be born. Our kids will grow up together," Lydia says. "Samantha," I hear my brother's voice boom down the hall. I turn to see him approaching us. Shawn and Gavin are a

few feet behind, and then there is someone else. "Beau!" I squeal and run over to hug him. I hardly notice the woman beside him as he embraces me. "Hey, Sam," Beau greets me. I pull back and look him up and down. He is wearing a fine suit with his medals and sash across it. "Sorry," I shake my head. "I forgot you are the king now." "I am still your friend, Samantha," Beau smiles. He gestures to the pregnant blonde-haired woman beside him. "This is Stephanie, my queen." My eyes widen as I look at her. "I am so sorry for hugging him like that." Stephanie smiles at me, "It's fine. Beau told me all about how close you two were," She leans forward. "He even told me about your crush." I laugh, "It was a mutual crush." Beau holds his hands up as Stephanie laughs. "It's fine, really," She holds her hand out to me and clasps it. "You are a lot prettier than I expected." "Are you kidding?" I laugh. "You are gorgeous. Damn, Beau," I slap his arm. "You got yourself a hottie." "Sam," Marcus speaks up. "It's okay, Marcus," Beau laughs. I look at Stephanie's belly, "Congratulations on your future prince." Stephanie smooths her belly, "It's a girl." "Really?" I look at Beau. "I couldn't be happier," Beau grins at his mate. Marcus clears his throat. "Right, we are here to discuss your situation with Alpha Volkov," Beau says in a serious tone. My excitement turns sour, and I shudder. "You mean my former mate," I spat with bitterness. "Hey, Sam," Lydia taps my shoulder. "I'll see you later, alright? I have to go find my mother." "She is with Natalie and Rita by the pool," Shawn tells her. "Let's go to the meeting room," Marcus suggests. I sigh and look at Lydia, "I'll see you later," I say with a hug. I touch her daughter's toes and wave. Marcus turns, and we all follow him to the meeting room. My father is in there with Lydia and Shawn's father, Hugo. "Hi, sweetie," Dad greets me. "Have a seat," He gestures. I huff and sit down. I grab the water pitcher sitting in the middle and pour myself some water. I gulp it down as everyone else sits down. "Sam," Marcus grumbles. I look up at my

brother. He is sitting next to Beau. "As I mentioned before, Alpha Wheeler spoke to me about what happened between you and Alpha Volkov," He explains, and I shudder. "I need to hear your side, Samantha." Instinctively, I touch my belly. Already, I am hopelessly obsessed with my unborn son. He is my everything, and I will fight tooth and nail not to give him up. I take another long sip of water before looking at Beau. "What is there to say that hasn't already been said? The abuse started from day one. He marked me without consent and then r***d me. He took me away from my family. I was starved because I was deemed too fat. I was beaten and r***d again every time I tested negative on a pregnancy test," I say as the bitterness in my heart grows. "It is apparent to me that the Moon Goddess hates me. Everyone else got mates they love, but I was punished." "Sam," Dad speaks up. "Don't speak about our Goddess like that. She has a reason for everything she does." "What reason did she have to give me a mate that r***d me?" I yell at him. Everyone else is silent. My father presses his lips together. "Someday- " "f**k someday, Dad," I spat. "I am done with mates. I am going to raise my child on my own." I declare and look at Beau. "If you try to make me give him back to Dmitry, I will run." "I am not going to do that, Samantha," Beau responds. "But Dmitry Volkov does have a right- " "He has no right!" I yell and slam my hands on the table. "He rejected me!" "Sit down, Samantha," Dad says through gritted teeth. Beau rubs his forehead, "Look, I will speak with the council on what to do. I believe, due to your account of abuse, that we cannot force you to give the child back." "He has another child on the way," I mention. "Okay," Beau leans back in the chair. "Does he know about the one you are carrying?" "I don't know. I didn't tell him anything, but the doctor who performed the test may have," I explain. "Okay, that's all I needed to know," Beau concludes and rises to his feet. "That's it?" I scoff. "Well, I must talk to the council. At the most,

Alpha Volkov will be sanctioned, and his pack may be booted from the kingdom,” Beau explains. “What about the abuse?” I cry. Beau presses his lips together, “I would like to string the son of a b****h upside down and beat him senseless with a silver-laced whip. But unfortunately, I still have laws to follow, Sam. And the laws haven’t quite caught up with the humans where we punish mate abuse.” “I intend to change that,” Stephanie chimes in. “For now, don’t worry about Alpha Volkov taking your child. I will advocate for him to be banned from coming anywhere near this pack,” Beau explains. “How about we don’t even tell him?” I speak. “Pretend you heard nothing about it.” “I-” Beau sighs. “I shouldn’t do that.” “For god sake, Beau. You are the f*****g king,” I yell. “Samantha!” Dad barks at me. Beau holds his hand up and looks at his mate. They exchange a silent conversation. He turns to me, “What child?” I can’t help but smile at Stephanie. I sense that she and I will be good friends. “I will just play as I was unaware until after we sanction Shadow Woods,” Beau explains. I walk around the table and hug my friend. “Thank you.” “Don’t mention it,” Beau touches my back. He pulls back and looks me in the eyes, “Seriously, don’t mention it.” I nod in acknowledgment. Beau adjusts his suit, “I must go now. There are other meetings I have to attend to.” “Being king is fun, isn’t it, buddy?” I smirk. We walk out of the meeting room and toward the door. Stephanie walks beside me. “So, you are having a boy?” She points to my still flat belly, and I nod. “I hope our pups will be friends like you and Beau,” She touches her round belly. “I hope so, too,” I say. After Beau and Stephanie left, I wandered through the packhouse. I find Lydia with our mothers outside in the garden gazebo. “How did it go?” Lydia asks me. “Great,” I say as I sit beside her. A week later, I learned that the council had sanctioned Shadow Woods, and they were no longer members of the kingdom. I feel a cold sense of satisfaction. I also know that Dmitry will be out for vengeance once he learns I am

carrying his son. For now, I will do my best to live my life. I move out of the main house and find a nice cabin close to the small town outside the pack. I get a job in a diner run by a pack member and work to build my life and prepare for my son's birth.

